AN

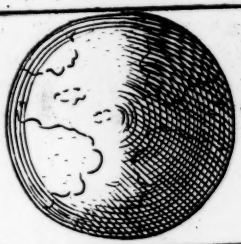
Anatomical LECTURE OF MAN.

OR A

Map of the Little World, Delineated in ESSAYES and CHARACTERS.

By *Samuell Perſon*, Late of Kings Colledge, *Cambridge*.

London, Printed by *T. Mabb*, for *Samuell Ferris*, in *Cannon-ſtreet* under St. *Swithins* Church, 1664.



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by Sam: Person,
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Sold by Sam: Feris
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Imprimatur

Novem. 17.
1663.

Roger L' Eſtrange.

TO THE

Right Honourable Sir *Iohn Robinſon*, Knight and Barronet, Lievtenant of his Majeſties Tower of *London*.

Honoured Sir,

FAme, which is the Worlds Herauld, having proclaimed Your honor with his Golden Trumpet in the Mæanders of all mens Ears, and every place

Ecchoing with Your rare encomiums, hearing this, theſe did call upon me to fly unto You, with my winged Devotion to ſerve You, and become the leaſt of the leaſt of Your devoted Servants. Therefore I make bold to Dedicate theſe Rude, Barbarous and Unpolliſht Eſſayes and Characters unto Your Honor.

Right Honourable, do with theſe as that great *Perſian* Emperour *Xerxes*, who accepted with a kinde Aſpect, and loving Reſpect, a Cup of Water preſented to him by a poore man, with both his hands

I confeſſe that they rather deſerve to be diſowned then owned; becauſe they may lay a blot on the door of Your Innocency; becauſe they are delivered from my *Pia Mater*, in ſuch Adulterate and baſtard Phraſe: I have Eſſayed and tryed to Characterize every man, but I have Characterized none ſo clearly as I have done my ſelf, in ſhewing mine igno-

Ignorance, Folly and Imbecility: Theſe are Iron or Leaden Eſſayes, yet being Coyned with Your Image, and having on them Your Inſcription, they will go currant with all that beholds them.

Worthy Sir, Do not eſteem me a *Gnatho*, for what I ſpeak, I think, but all that I think, I cannot ſpeak.

Quid enim niſi verbis inane.

Eſſayes and Characters, are as ſo many *Peculums*, mirrours and Glaſſes, wherein one may ſee every one clearly and perſpicouſly, but theſe Glaſſes unleſſe they be guilded by ſuch a *Mercury*, as you are with Silver Aſpects, what reflection will they have? None can ſee any thing in them, no more then in Looking-glaſſes, with out Silvered on the one ſide.

Sir, If You look with a kinde Influence, with the two radiant Stars of Your Eyes upon me, frozen in the frigid Zone of Fear, then I ſhall re-

joyce; but contrary if You ſcortch me with the flagrant flames of Your Anger, then You will melt me into Tears.

Pardon (Great Sir) pardon my Audacity, in Preſenting this little Pamphlet unto You, who am a ſtranger; but my reaſon is, that I would ſhew my good will to, and higheſt eſteem of ſuch Famous and Virtuous men; I therefore caſt them and my ſelf at Your Honours Feet; Accept of them if You pleaſe, reject them if they do diſpleaſe, they are not worth preſenting, much leſſe worth receiving; What ſhall I ſay more? look I pray You for no profundity of matter, no Rhetoricall Fluſculations, no witty Inventions; but for a few plain Eſſayes, meah Characters, and meaner Language, and think the Author meaneſt of all, *Utra Poſſe non eſt eſſe*, no man can do no more then he can: but be pleaſed to conſider,

they

they were every one written *Extempore*, and therefore by reaſon of other Studies; I had no time or very little to Study and Write them over; but according to my good will, I pray you (Gracious Sir) accept them, and do not intercept my weak endeavours, my poore Labours, and my painfull Pains: But in the Scales of Juſtice, allow me grains of allowance, and do not ſcruple at them.

But I draw to a Concluſion, and to a beginning of my Work too; but the Gate ought not to be Great, when the City is ſo little; I crave leave, And

Remain Your Honours

Devoted Servant,

Samuell Perſon.

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TO THE
Critical READER
(if any ſuch there be.)

IF thou ask what pedantick Fellow is this, that preſumes to intrude upon the paper Stage, my reſponſal is, that (being not at age, I need not Anſwer for my ſelf, yet to give thee ſome ſatisfaction which is more then I owe thee, my reaſon is, that I come upon this Paper-Stage to act that part, which thou actſt upon the Worlds Theatre, viz. the Fool; But thou art not ſo much Worthy, that I ſhould tell thee my Name; Suppoſe it be John a Nokes, Nicholas Nemo, or the Man in the Moon, what is that to thee? Spit thy Gall, vomet up thy Spleen,

Spleen, I care not; I have given thee as black a Character as thou canſt give me; I have Gall in my Ink, as well as thou haſt, I know thou wilt find nothing but Errates *in my Book; 'tis pitty but that thou ſhouldeſt have been a Corrector of the Preſſe; Thou thinkeſt 'its good fiſhing in troubled waters, and thou art for nothing but Carps, and doeſt with the Elephant trouble the cleareſt ſtreams (although theſe are none ſuch) leaſt they ſhould reflect thy ugly Viſage; This is thy Doze or Pill; But though I am made* ex quercu *to thee, yet to the Courteous Reader, I am formed* ex ſalice, *intreating them to be as Popes (though I would not have them Papiſts) to give me pardon, if they ſee any faults (as theſe cannot be without) remembring* Venus *has her Mole,* Helen *and* Phæbe *her ſpots, and none can expect ſo many written Aſſayes without a blot,* Humanum eſt errare; *My unripe years might alſo Apologize for me; but I paſſe, and have paſt them over; I did at firſt intend that thy ſhould have ſeen no more light then my window, but by reaſon of* Friends importunity, *I am made unwillingly willing, and therefore if thou be trapt in looſing thy time, in reading*

of

of them, ſay nothing, others may be irretiated and intangled in the ſame gin, and if they deſerve not to be read, thou mayeſt give my Book a Super ſedendum; *and if it ſhould but cauſe other young Striplings to emulate or to Ape the ſame; I am contented, if thou ſeeſt my weakneſs, thou haſt more need to pitty and help me up, then quite to deject and caſt me down; There is charity in the former, malice in the latter; But I muſt not ſtay thee no longer from thy peregrination over all my Living Regions; If thou pleaſe to be a Peripatetick here (I care not whether thou be a Phyloſopher or no) I wiſh thee a good Journey, and ſo Farewell.*

Courteous

Courteous Reader.

These Books following, are to be sold by *Samuel Ferris* in *Cannon Street*, under St. *Swithins* Church.

CHoice Observations and Explanations upon the old Testament, by the Learned and Industrious *John Richardson* Bishop of *Ardagh* in *Ireland*, Folio.

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The Miniſtry of Angels, to the Heirs of Salvation.

Of Gods Omnipreſence.

The Sinners Legacy.

The Combate between Fleſh and Spirit.

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Good News from Heaven, the fifth Edition, by *Timothy Rogers*.

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Character

An Anatonical Lecture of Man.

Character of a Character.

IT is an Hyerogliphick, a little Enchiridion that Ensphears much, like *Homers Iliads* in a nut shell, or the Chariot and Horses curtained with the wing of *Myrmicedes Fly*; It may be termed a Chrystaline Mirrour or Looking-Glass, wherein every man may see his Face; a stigmatizing Iron to those that are bad, branding them with a black *Theta*, the worst characteristical letter that may be, and also it will be an *R.* in their credit; but like the Planet *Mercury*, its good with the good, and bad with bad, it will

ſet a glorious glore upon the virtuous, but an ignominious mark upon the vitious; it makes the former petty *Præbus's*, and their virtues are like thoſe twinckling winking eyes that attracts all other to behold them; for when as virtuous man ſees himſelf delineated, he by and by accounts himſelf another *Felix*. *Policrates* and *Narciſſus*-like, falls in love with himſelf, and that fair face of virtue he ſaw in the forementioned myrrour; But when the virtuous mans *Antipode vir*, a wicked one ſtudies Opticks and Glances into this Glaſs that reflects his true Shape and Effigies, he will be fit to do with this, as the deformed woman did with her Looking-Glaſs, who broke it and made it a multiplying one, becauſe ſhe ſaw ſuch a *Spectrum* as through her ſelf, and by that means reduplicated her deformed Face and Image, and made her a *Janus* faced Monſter, juſt thus will he be ſerved, who out of his *Vatinian* hatred to Images (being conſcious of his fair one) will diſpiſe thoſe that are reflected by this *Speculum*; A Character is the Picture or Draught of each perſon, it has not only the *ſignatura rerum*, but alſo,

Per-

Perſonarum ſtamped upon it; it is the Counterpane of Natures Book, and alſo of each *Individuum*; the Mark or Badge that every man hath, by which he may be known, it alters with a man as (*Gemuriſts* ſay) the Turmois in a ring looks wel or ill as with him, the *umbra* or ſhaddow which continually follows him, and is his concomitant; they may be termed petty Chronologies or Chronicles, the impreſs and token that is ſtamped upon each man, his Nature, Diſpoſitions, and Qualities are here known; the pulſe by which you may know whether well or ill with him; a Microcoſmography or a Map of man, the Anotamy of the Soul, which rips up mens Qualities, as old *Democritus* did Beaſts in his Garden at *Abdera*, and there ſees within them; a kind of Legitimate augury that looks into the inteſtines of things, then it may be called the hand in the dyal, that points at each one its mimical, that imitates all things Cynical, that carps at all things Scomical, that derides all things with the forenamed Phyloſopher; It is a Tautological eccho, a greater blab then *Patto*, they are the Regiſters that put all things upon Re-

cord, the Diurnal that tells News of ſuch and ſuch men, and gives notice in what State and Condition things are; no dumb Mercuries, but give intelligence, yea and underſtanding too; to the Reader they are not Fleſh-marks, but infallible ſymptoms of things and perſons; it may properly be Baptized a mans Zodiack, for in it are all his ſigns, both good and bad, eſpecially a bad mans Character may be named, ſo becauſe there be ſo many Beaſts and *Mon*ſters in it, and it is his Flag, Banner, or Enſign that hangs out, intimating whats within; Characterizing is a kind of Phyſiogmony, and that which is written in the book of a mans Soul, it beholds and copies it out, and tranſcribes it into another Book, in blak and white Characters, whatſoever was inſcribed, they are Hierogliphical, or Emblematical Writings (ſuch as the *Egyptians* uſed) that write with the ὠώτικα and ζωότικα, great and little Letters in Natures Alphabet, rather then other Printed Letters, for here a man writes a great deal in a little room, and ſo theſe Characters will in this ſenſe agree with thoſe other Characters, called Brachigraphy,

graphy, and certainly thoſe Figures or Letters drawn by Natures pencil, are more ſignificant then thoſe that are the reſult of a mans fancy; Characters are like Ingenious Pictures that look at every one, they are the Proſpectives that a man ſhould well eye, the Weather-glaſſes, or Urinals in which one may take a ſurvey of humours; It is good for all men, good and bad, to look in theſe, as the Phyloſophers counſell'd his Schollers to ſee themſelves in their reflectiug Glaſſes, ſo that if they be Fair and Beautiful to do that which becomes them, if foule and deformed, then to compenſate it by the beauty of the internals; ſo let them rectifie their obliquities by the ſtraight lines of this Coppy; I would counſel them to have (as one *Antipheron* thought he did,) carry their Images before them in their ſight, or elſe they will never obey that oracular precept, *Noſce te ipſum*; but many will call the Character of ſome bad man, A Libel, that is, a Bell with a lye that rings about the Country, but it is far otherwiſe, the worſt miſchief of it is, that it is true. to conclude, a Character is every mans Phy-

ſicks Epitomized, *viz.* his Nature; *Hiſtoria animalium*, it is an harmonious clinching of divers ſenſes, all ending with a ſweet finiall flowriſhing cloze, and reliſh: the word Character intimates a thing engraven, ſo that it ſhould have a deep impreſſion upon men, and now my Character is conceived, and brought into.

The World.

IS the το παν, the Univerſe which contains all living things, it is the habitation of all the Creatures, Natures Manſion-Houſe, and the receptacle of all humane entities. The World is round, no marvel then if it be ſo unconſtant, ſo voluble, ſo ſoon turned topſy turvy, although it is a vulgar errour for men to ſay the World ſtands ſtill and is conſtant, which the Famous Phyloſoper *Copernicus* proves nothing to be more unconſtant, more frail, more giddy then it; The World is a Centre, the Heavens are its circumference, which do encircle it, yea the VVorld it ſelf is a circle, and the Devil is the Conjurer

jurer in it, men are bewitched, and are ſo charmed with enchantments, that they do nothing but ſleep in the bed of inſecure ſecurity; That is a very good Emblem of the frailty of the VVorld, the VVorld being pictured, and a hand from Heaven holding it in a ſtring, which ſtring is the threed of this Life, during its Duration in the VVorld, which when it is divided by *Atropus* the deſtinies knife, then the VVorld falls into an abyſſe of nothing, from whence it came; and ſo according to that diſtick,

Omnia ſunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
Et ſubito caſu quæ valuere ruunt.

All humane things hang by a ſlender thred,
VVhat ſtands moſt ſtrong, is quickly ruined.

Experience that ſevere Miſtris, teaches us every day how unconſtant, how brittle, how unſtable the World is, and what man is there now that will not believe the opinions of the New Philoſophers and Mathematicians that the World turns round.

This World is a ſtage, or a theatre, upon which all men come to act their

parts; Heavens are the Spectators, they fight or ſhould fight againſt the Devil, and divelliſh vices.

This *το παν*, as the Phyloſophers calls it, is a Labirinth, and death is the Minotaure in it, which devoures all men in its devouring jawes; but our Heavenly *Theſeus* will be the death of this death, and the life of our life.

The World is more filthy then the *Augæano* Stable, oh! for a *Hercules* which might cleanſe it by letting the *Alphean* Rivers of Juſtice run through it, to purge it from the dung of ſin, and puddle of iniquity; This Structure of the VVorld is as an Ark ſwiming and floating in a Sea of Miſery delug'd with floods of iniquity; Oh there is too many unclean Beaſts in it, not only whoſe feet bears the Image of the Beaſt, the Devil, but whoſe Souls have upon them his Devilliſh inſcription; The VVorld is round, as though it ſtood for a Cypher, but in my Arithmetick it is one, though in the laughing wiſe-man *Democritus*'s account, there were plurality of Worlds, but *Mundus* wants the plural number.

The VVorld by that ingenioueſt of Poets *Ovid*, is ſaid to have four Ages, the firſt

firſt Age, was the Golden or beſt Age, the ſecond the Silver Age, the third the Brazen Age, and this laſt and worſt Age, is the Iron Age; well may it be called ſo, for ſo much war and ſo many Iron inſtruments of it, that it ſeem'd as though *Mars* had made the World his field of War: So here is an end of my deſcription of the World, though not of the World it ſelf.

A Man,

IS by the Phyloſophers called a μικροκοσμος, or a little World, and by a witty Characteriſt, the world is called a great man, and man a little World. Man is a Map or Deſcription of the great World, he is the World in Epitomy, man is Natures darling; This Microcoſme, is a compendium and an abridgment of the great World. Let us peep in the cranyes of ſecret Anatomy, and let us ſymbolize mans parts with the worlds. Man is compounded of the foure Elements, *viz.* Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water, and ſo is the

the World a compound of theſe; his Liver, Blood and Moiſture, is as the Sea which ſends out its ſtreams into all parts of the body, by little ſanguine Rivers, in Violet veins, which are as ſo many leaden pipes to convey his blood. Mans natural heat is his fire, his radical moiſture, his Water, his breath, blown out and in by the bellows of his Lungs, his Air, and his Fleſh is earth; but mans ſoul by the tenent of all Phyloſophers and Chriſtians, is held to be of a ſpiritual ſubſtance, like to the Angels, and his ſoul is the angellick intelligences, ſo it doth move its little orb, its body in its right courſe, as do the cœleſtial inteligences or Angels, move their orbs, every one in their proper ſphear; mans body is of admirable Architecture, Frame and Compoſure, but mans ſoul, which *Ovid* calls his better part, which ſome bruitiſh men makes the worſt, it is as the heavens of an heavenly exiſtence, though his body be but as the earth. Mans reaſon is the ſun that ſhines in the Firmament of his ſoul, and gives light to his body, the little world: his ſoul is a little heaven (as I may call it) his faculties, *viz.* Fancy, Imagination, Wit, Memory

Memory, Underſtanding, Will, *&c.* are the Stars that gives light to his leſſer VVorld. Man is the model and extract of nature, he is all the creatures epitomized in his little coppy, he is the greateſt letter in the book of nature; mans ſoul is indued with ſuch exquiſite faculties, his ſoul can fly from one pole to another in a moment, & with this winged motion, can aſcend to the heavens in a minuite, and deſcend into the abiſſe in an inſtant,& can pierce with the *Lynx*'s eyes of his Imagination and Fancy into the ſecreteſt places, yea and behold imaginarily, the centre of the Earth.

A man is a maſter-piece, in which there are a thouſand ſeveral motions, a ſoul indued with ſuch excellencies, as in one minuite, it can be in a thouſand places, mounts up to the top of the world, ſadoms the univerſe without touching it; which goes, gliſters, ſparkles, which is the great indagatrix, which ſearches all the treaſures and magazines of nature, which finds out all ſorts of inventions; which frames Arts, which governs *States*, which orders Worlds. Man is a book which he ought to dedicate to his Maker, and this man is the King,

Lord

Lord and Maſter of all other creatures, which man ſhall be an inhabitant of heaven or hell; if he be a valiant Champion and fight his Battel on the *Stage* of the World, and can ſay truly *Cæſars* three Triumphant words, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. Then he ſhall be an inhabitant of the Cœleſtial Paradiſe, where he may eat of the tree of Life, freely drink of the Waters of Life abundantly, and enjoy the Tree of Knowledg eternally, when he ſhal know what ſoever is to be known, but if he be vanquiſhed, he may ſay of heaven and happineſs, as one ſaid in another caſe, *Vale & in æternum Vale*, farewell, and forever farewell; but he ſhall be a priſoner in the ſubterraneal Gaol of hell, ſettered in chains of darkneſs. The World is a Center, and men are the lines about it, he who moves in a larger Orb, he is further from the Center of the World and neerer heaven; but he who moves in a narrower Orb and *Sphear*, is neerer the earth, and further from Heaven.

Riches are traſh, and pleaſures a toy,
But peace of conſcience is a perfect joy.

A Wiſe man,

IS one of *Apollo*'s Diſciples, yea he is a ſecond *Apollo* himſelf, his words are Oracles, he partakes of the *S*erpents wiſdome, and Doves innocency, the *S*erpent amongſt the *Egyptian* Prieſts, was an emblem of Wiſdome, which doth extricate and winde it ſelf out of the maze of troubles and dangers, and it inſinuates it ſelf into rocks, and winds it ſelf out again. In like manner doth a wiſe man winde himſelf out of the Labrynths of trouble, and winds himſelf out of the Rocks of Error, and there finds the Pearl of Truth. This Wiſdome he is indued with, is like to that *Mahumetan* Dove that inſpires him.

This wiſdome is the quinteſcence of other moral Vertues; the World is a Ring, and this divine Sapience is a Diamond in it, all other pretious ſtones are but gliſtering Pebles, ſpangling Foppe-

ries,

ries; yea *Utopias* toys. This this is the Stone of Stones, Pearl of Pearls, and Jewel of jewels, a wise man is not only a Phylosoper but a great traveller, and has encompas't the World before he could compasse this Wisdome; yea he is a Phylosopher, and this *Sapience* is the Phylosophers Stone, that will turn all things into Gold; this Wisdome is the Chymists Elixar that is spoken of, that will prolong a man unto *Nestors* age, yea *Methusalams* years: O happy prolonger! that with its holy oyle, will make the Taper of mans life burn unto infinity of years, I mean it will be a means for a man to soar to the Hyacinthian Skyes, with the wings of this Eagle-like Sapience: Wisdome is a wise mans Guardian Angel, that protects him from all hurt: A wise man is like a Star that shines transparently in his Horison, but wisdome or *Apollo* the God of wisdome, is the Sun that darts his beams into his little Orb, and inlightens his Microcosme. It is said in natural Phylosophy, that *Forma dat esse rei*, but wisdome is the divine form (may I call it image) *Quæ dat esse sapienti*, *Diogines* and the Antient Phylosophers fained Wisdome, to be in a deep pit, yea

in

in an abyſſe, but who can fadom this fathomleſs Pit; I doubt wiſdome now a dayes is buried in ſuch profound graves, but yet ſome of its divine ſparkles are left in ſome, unleſſe *Behmen* the *German*, that Teutonick Philoſopher in his miſtical or Magical, Teutonick Philoſophy means, that Wiſdome is the Center of all things; I know not what his intent is; *Scaliger* did think, that Wiſdome did inhabit among the Rocks, (ſo it had better, then live among ſuch ſtocks and ſtones as ſome men are,) and that this Pearl is there to be found, Pearl call I it, yea I rather miſcall it, for all other Pearls are but Pebels in compariſon of it. Wiſdome is pretiouſer then the pretiouſeſt of Pearls, the Carbuncle is as it were, incenſt in flames; that this Pearl of Wiſdome out-ſhines it; the Ruby, or rather the Purple Amethiſt bluſhes, that this Ruby of Rubys ſhould out-ſhine it, the Diamond looks pale for envy: Wiſdome is a ſpell againſt all the worlds enchantments, an Antidote againſt the poyſon of Vice, the all heale that will heal our diſtempers. Wiſdome is the milky way, its vertues are the Stars and this is the way, and the innocent

ſnowy

ſnowy path that leads to felicity: This is the *Primum Mobile*, that moves the wheels of mens affections, yea makes men move every one in his proper ſphear; Wiſdome in the garden of this World, is a herb that may be termed life everlaſting, yea it will make men ſage; wiſdome is a Charriot of fire, and *Appolo* is the Phaeton, the four Cardinal virtues, *viz.* Juſtice, Fortitude, Temperance and Prudence, are as the four horſes; Prudence differs from this, Wiſdome, as it is an ethical morral, Vertue and pertains to the manners, as the Phyloſophers define it: but let us define what Wiſdome is; It is a divine vertue; whereby a man knows all things to be known, ſees all things, doth all things to a right end, it is the ſoul of ſouls, and it is a knowledge infuſed into mens hearts, whereby a man knows all divine myſteries, ſearches into the cauſes of all things, orders all things, wiſely doth all things, diſcreetly thinks on all things, judiciouſly judges of all things, juſtly underſtands all things rightly. It is the quinteſcence and extraction of all wit, the product of all excellent judgments, the underſtanding of all underſtanding,

ſtandings; the wit of wits, the reaſon of reaſons, the vertue of vertues, and all theſe in perfection. This Serpentine Wiſdome is the *Ariadneean* thred, that winds men out of the Labyrinth of miry, and now I may cry out with the Poet.

Pinge duos angues, ——

With the *Egyptians* (as I ſaid before) a Serpent was the Hyrogliphicks of Wiſdome, it being one of the wiſeſt Creatures in the World; Wiſdome is the great Rabby that teaches all its Diſciples, that Sophe's, his Angelical wiſdome is a Cherubin for knowledge, or knowledge in the abſtract, knowledge it ſelf it is a Serpent for wiſedome, a Dragon that keeps the Golden Apple of virtue in its Heſperides, it is a Cock for Vigilancy, a Dove for Innocency, a Lyon for Courage and Strength, and what not? There is a ſtory of one of the *Romane* Emperours that ſaw a Serpent at his bed ſide, as it were to defend him, ſo wiſedome is a ſafe-gard to wiſe men; (May I ſay without prophaneneſs) that wiſedome is the Tree of Life in the Paradice, or VVilderneſs of this world, and that *Mercury*'s Rod which ſignifies wiſedome, is

a twig of that Tree that whips out folly.

O thou Divine Sapience! thou Cæleſtial Cherubin, deſcend unto us, and the Hyacinthian Clouds ſhall ſcreene thee again; I doubt wiſedome hath plumed its feet, and flowne to Heaven, nothing but folly remaining on Earth; VViſedome is a Fortreſs to the weak, ſtrength to the ſtrong, a glory to the rich, riches to the poor, Power to the impotent; VViſedome in a mans Microſme, is the τὸ πᾶν. It is pictured in the forme of a woman, as that Divine *Plato* ſaid of virtue, ſo I may ſay of wiſedom, *Could it be ſeen with mortal eyes, it would with its beauty attract all eyes unto it.*

Then ſurely, it may ſee well its heartsraviſhing forme, and divine beauty would amaze all eyes, and dazle them with its *Phœbian* rayes; its voice is ſweeter harmony, then the Harmony of the chiming Sphears, or the Muſick of *Orpheus*'s Harp; VViſedom, me thinks its very Name is a charme; If I were to decipher and picture out wiſedome, I would picture it full of eyes to ſee all things, full of hands, to do all things, full of eares; *Midas*-like, eares to hear all

all, and full of tongues; *Apollo* the God of VViſedom ſtreams out his Oracles in Rivers of Mercurial eloquence; he is endued with *Mercuries* Golden tongue, to ſpeak as many Languages as that rare Linguiſt *Mithridates*. VViſedom is ſo profound, that I have not ſounded its depth; its an *Abyſs Abyſſus, Abyſſum invocat*; A wiſe man is an *Argos*, his eyes keep Centry, he is ſo circumſpect, nothing can circumvent him, he ſees and fore-ſees things paſt, preſent and to come; This *Terrene Apollo* is a ſecond *Solomon*; A wiſe man is led by reaſon and judgement, others by their ſenſual appetites, he is with-held from vice by the chain of virtue, and this bondage is true liberty; other mens liberty is their bondage, in ſin, or bondage in compariſon of this freedom; A wiſe man looks at the end of things, others at the beginnings, which is a *Prepoſterous ſpeculation*, for as our *Engliſh* Proverb ſaith, *All is well that ends well*; *Exitus acta probat*; And as *Solon* ſaid to *Cræſus*, when he was demanded by *Cræſus* to judge, whether he was happy or no, for his Honour and Riches which he ſhewed to *Solon*; wiſe *Solon* ſhaking

his Head, ſaid to him, *He would judge whether he was happy or not, when he ſaw, Crœſus's end, or the end of theſe things*; this is a wiſe mans practical ſyllogiſme, his *Major* is for virtue, his *Minor* is for earth and earthly things, but his concluſion will be Heaven and Happyneſs; A wiſe man is his own guide; his Ship is himſelf floating in the Ocean of the world, he ſailes by Compaſs and keeps within compaſs, and ſo is ſeldom blown and ſhip-wrakt againſt the Rocks of Adverſity; neither is blown about with the wind of vain Doctrine, nor is charmed with the *Syren* Songs of vices, but ſailes on, neither is ſwallowed up in a *Sylla* of Miſery, nor in a *Charibdis* of diſpair, but at laſt arrives at the *Holy Land*: This Grand Sophy, he fixes his eye of contemplation on Heaven, and cares for his Country, As *Anaxagoras* the Philoſopher, who being asked by his Countrymen why he cared not for his Country, He pointing with his finger to Heaven, ſaid, *I care for my Country.*

A wiſe man is a *Phenix*, for being burned (if a *Martyr*) or, when he yields to the fates, the Son of Glory out of his aſhes, will raiſe him again, and ſo the

Phenix's

Phenix's Motto fitts him, *viz. Ex morte Imortallibus*; A wiſe man is a good Phyſitian, for out of Poiſonous things he can bring out wholeſom Medicines; He (with *Promotheus*) flyes to Heaven, to ſteal this Heavenly fire of wiſedome to inſpire his lumpiſh clay, and alſo to warm and refreſh him in the winter of Adverſity, when the Storms and Tempeſts of Affliction do not breath into him the breath of life, but ſtorms him to death; he waits upon the goddeſs *Occaſio & tempus*, he rides upon times flying winges, his actions may be examples; When the Rivers of Affliction would deluge his little world; wiſedom is the Ark that ſaves him from drowning, and as the ſaying is, it keeps his Head above water; nay, when he is in a Sea of miſery, ſorrow, and grief, like the devouring *Leviathan*, would ſwallow him up, and hurry him down into a Gulph of woe, then he is like the many eyed *Lamprey* who ſets his eyes as ſo many Watch-men, dives and ſwims out, and at laſt arrives at the *Pacifick Sea*, after he has been floating in a Turbulent Ocean of Miſery. A wiſe man is an Arithmetician, for he has learnt

the Golden Rule of Wisedome; He has obey'd the *Græcian* Sophyes injunction, *Nosce te ipsum*, and has studied *Vossuis*'s Book *de Cognitione Sui*.

A Fool,

IS Diametrically opposite to a wise man, The Poles are not further distant from one another, then a wise man is distant from a Fool; a Fool is one of *Simplicius* his Off-Spring. A Phylosoper saith, A Fool may be known by these three things; 1. By his Talk, 2*d*. By his Cloaths, 3*d*. By his Gate or walking; for his Speech bewrayes what he is; A Fool is a Mute, when he should be a Consonant, and a Consonant when he should be a Mute; sometimes he is so *loquax*, talkative, that you would think he were all tongue, and other times he is so silent, that you would think he is an *Egyptian* that Sacrificed to the god *Harpocrites*, and had lost his tongue, and he is dumb with silence.

Then for his Cloaths he wears them so fan-

fantaſtically in ſuch a faſhion, nay rather out of faſhion, that they are enſigns of his folly; And laſtly, for his Gate, ſwinging both his Armes as though he would caſt them away, and as a dog goes many waſt Journeys, ſo doth he.

A Fool is a meer Animal, though not *Animal ſociabile*; He is no more uſefull to his Generation then the fifth wheele is ſerviceable to a Chariot; A Fool is Natures *Hiroclite*. He is ſent into the VVorld to make up the Order of the Univerſe, but he doth rather diſorder it; A Fool is *Thema Simplex*, he differs from a beaſt only in ſhape; yea and that he has underſtanding, and reaſon in *Potentia*; yea but the chief difference is *Keſibilitas*, for by his laughing too much he is differenc't from other men, whatſoever he apprehends, he will do it, *per fas aut nefas*, be it right or wrong, and this *ſimplex apprehenſio* ſpoiles him; yea he comes not ſo far as *Diſcurſus*.

It is the opinion of moſt Phyloſophers, that by reaſon of the indiſpoſition of the Organs men become fooles; alas, folly misbecomes them, and this indiſpoſition of his Organs is the cauſe

why there is such bad harmony, nay rather such discords in his thoughts, words and actions; He has wisedome in *Potentia*, folly in *Actu*: The definition of a fool, may be that of Heaven, *Est corpus simplicissimum*, and he wilders himself in a wilderness of trouble, and so becomes an *Individuum vagum*; A Fool is an Intelligible Asse; It is a hard thing to tell where his reason and understanding is, whether it be in Sr. *Thomas Moores Utopia* or not; If he be a Shepheard, then his mind, wits, runs a wooll gathering, he commonly busies himself about *de lana Caprina*; A Fool, is Natures *Antipode*, he doth alwayes contrary to it: He is so misled by the *Ignis fatuus* of his imagination, and wanders up and down in a maze of folly, in the Meanders of trouble, and Labrinth of perplexities; yea he is sick of the Apoplexie, besotted in a Lethargy, and may make the eighth sleeper; he proves the best of any, that mans life is a dream, for he is alwayes asleep; but he never dreams of these things, *viz.* what he came into the World for, nor of Death, Judgement, Heaven, or Hell, *&c.*

The World (as I said before) is a Stage

Stage or Threatre, and he acts his part, *viz.* The Fool in the play, he is come into the world to make one, though I think he ſtands but for a cypher; Let me ſpeak *à Sarcaſmos Mundo*, he is ſent into the World to be an Emblem to mock other men that account themſelves wiſe, and ſhews what indeed they are, though in *ſpecie*, in ſhew they be other wiſe, and his fooliſh actions are the mocking of moſt mens buſineſſe, he laughs at other mens folly, and men deride his fooliſhneſſe, he laughs men loudly to ſcorn: I have read a witty feigned ſtory in *Lucian*, where *Charon* was Conducted by *Mercury* to a high place, it may be *Olympus*, where he might ſee all the world at once; *Mercury* would needs know of him what he obſerved: He told him he ſaw a great Multitude of People, their Habitations like Molehills, the Men as Emmetts, he could diſcern Cities, as ſo many Hives of Bees, wherein every Bee had a ſting, and they did nought elſe, but ſting one another, ſome tyrannizing-like Hornets bigger then others, ſome like filching VVaſps, others like lazy Drones, over their heads was hovering, a confuſed number of per-

perturbations, Hope, Fear, Anger, Avarice, Ignorance, *&c.* and a multitude of Diseases hanging, which they still pulled on their heads; some were Brawling, some were Fighting, Riding, Running, *Solicite ambientes Calidelitigantes* for toyes and trifles, and such momentary things. Their Towns and Provinces meer Factions, Rich against Poor, Poor against Rich, Nobles against Artificers, they against Nobles, and so the rest; In Conclusion, he Condemned them all for Mad-men, Fools, Idiots, Asses, *O Stulti quænam hæc est amentia?* O Fools, O Mad Men, he exclaims, *Insana studia, insani labores*, &c.? Mad endeavours, Mad actions, Mad fooliſh, Mad *Oseclum insipiens & infacetum*, a giddy headed age. *Heraclitus* the Phylosopher out of a serious meditation of mens lives fell a weeping, and with continual tears bewailed their misery, madnesse and folly; *Democritus* on the other side burst out a laughing, their whole life seemed so rediculous, and he was so far carried with this Ironical Passion, that the Citizens of *Abdera* took him to be mad, and sent Embassadors to *Hippocrites* the Physitian, that he would exercise his skill upon him.

O

O if now that *Cynick* Philoſopher *Diogenes*, ſhould ſearch with a Lanthorne and Candle, he ſhould travel as far as *Drake* or *Candiſh* did before he could find a man, a wiſe man, ſuch as he deſired to find (with this exception) one Wiſe, Honeſt, and juſt in every thouſand. A Wiſe man is one of a thouſand but one of a thouſand is ſcare a wiſe man; Suppoſe all the wiſe men were put in one ſcale, and all the fooliſh ſhould be put in the other ſcale, in which the Fools were, would ore-weigh and have the *Præſtat*, as the Emblem is; and now in a ſtrict Arithmeticians account, in ſo many millions of millions of men, deducting all the Fools, and then in his numeration numbring how many Wiſe, he would hardly come to his thouſands; But to return to him from whence I came; A Fool, if he be a little world, ſurely the Sun of wiſedome ſhines not in his Horizon, his Orb goes all out of frame, becauſe he has not his Intelligence to direct it in its right Courſe and Sphear; Nature is onely in him, and therefore he is called Natural, and yet none more unnatural then

then he; A Fool is Natures *Embryo*, he is a *materia prima absque forma Sapientia*, he is deformed, and wants that divine forme of wisedom, he is a *Chaos* rather then a world.

A Knowing Man,

A Learned man is a Cherubin on Earth, he doth well prove that our first Parents tasted of the Tree of Knowledge, neither doth the flamings sword of obscurities keep him from that Tree; He has *Mercuries*, or rather *Trismegists* rod, that will whip and beat out ignorance, he is ignorant of nothing but ignorance. VVe will not ascribe *Omniscence* to him, yet he knows all that men can take *Cogniscence* of, a Learned man is a great Traveller, for he travels far for this Pearle of knowledge, which like that Pearle will shine and give him light in the night of Ignorance, when the glorious Sun of Knowledge

Knowledge is Eclipſed by the Clouds, and Miſts of Ignorance.

Monſtrum horrendum ingens cui lumen ademptum.

Learned men are not uſually Conjurers (though it may be ſome are) though they ſee all things in this Glaſſe of knowledge; The Learned man knows what to do, a Learned wiſe man doth what he knows; yea a learned man and a wiſe man commonly go together, they are *Termini Convertibiles*, for the moſt part a Learned man is a wiſe man, and a wiſe man uſually is a Learned man, A Learned man ſtudies to know, and labours to be unknown; *Speculation* is the life of a Scholler, Practiſe is the life of ſpeculation, and Zeal is the life of Practiſe; I have ſeen wiſedom Pictured with three faces, to ſee things paſt, preſent, and to come; I think Learning ought to be Pictured in like manner, and wiſedom is ſaid to be the Baſis of the world; I think learning may be ſaid to be the baſis and foundation of wiſedom, and therefore Learning is the Foundation of Foundations; Theſe *Seth*'s Pillars, I mean Learning, which was engraved on them (as *Joſephus* relates,) one whereof was

was made of ſtone, leaſt the deluge ſhould waſh it away, the other of brick, that when the World is deſtroyed by fire it might remain; Theſe I ſay are the Pillars that uphold the world from falling into a *vacuum* of ignorance (as I may call it) it being ſo empty of Knowledge, yea now adayes, there are many illiterate Aſſes that would pull down the *Babel* of Learning (if I may call it ſo) as it reaches almoſt to Heaven; where is ſo many Languages: in theſe reſpects it may be termed a *Babel*, but of this Monument and Pillar of Learning; I may ſay with *Martial*, as when he ſpoke of the *Roman* Amphitheatre,

Barbara celarent ſileat miracula Nemphis.

And now theſe Monuments of Learning, are rather like ſo many Tombs under which Learning lies buried, and this Glorious *Babel* of Learning is fallen down; Oh where is *Bacon*'s advancement of learning if we liſten, may we not hear the Brazen Head ſpeak theſe words, *Time is paſt*; unleſs time be paſt, and ſo we cannot hear it, but *Time* was when Learning was advanced on the higheſt ſpire and pinicle of Glory that could

could be, but now alas *Ovids Metamorpheſis* is verified about men, being transformed into ignorant Beaſts, and men now adayes make nothing of learning; Of learning, there is now a ſad annihilation, *Minerva* is not adored, but ignorance is followed, is not *Minerva* the goddeſs of Knowledge drowned in the *Euxine* Sea of ignorance, and doth not *Neptune* bath himſelf, therefore in briniſh tears, in ſalt Seas for ſorrow: A Learned man has *Lynex*'s eye, that he may ſee into the inteſtines of all things, he is an accute and excellent *Anatomiſt*, for he unrips every thing, and ſees Nature throughly; He is a Philoſoper, a good Logician, for he is rational, and all for reaſon; He is an Excellent Moral Phyloſopher, and skilled in Ethicks, but he has ſuch Ethical virtues in practiſe, as well as in ſpeculation; He is an expert Phyſitian, skilled in Nature and natural Phyloſophy very well, and a rare Metaphyſitian where he is above Nature. A Learned man is a good Orthographer, for he can ſpell right his deſtiny; A wonderful Arithmetician, for he can by his reduction,

reduce

reduce all things to one thing, from whence they came; as did the *Pithagoreans* of old; and practises his Division, and gives every mad his due; he is a sweet Musitian, for there is such sweet harmony proceeds from his Organs, and such Concord in all his thoughts, words and actions, every Learned man moving in their proper Sphears; Oh the harmony of these Sphears, and Orbs and besides these, he is a real Musitian, one of *Therpsicore*, or *Uterpe*'s Sons; He is an Astronomer, for his eye is alwayes fixt on Heaven, and considers whether the *S*tarrs, Heavens-eyes look with kind aspects on the Sons of Men, and a deep profound Astrologer, and considers the powerful working influence, and effects of the Starrs, the Cælestial torches, and an eloquent, eminent Rhetorician, who has *Mercury*'s Golden Tongue; another *Mithridates*, a Schollar is a *Geometrician*, for he measures the Earth, and knows that the World is a circle, and mans heart a triangle; therefore the world cannot fill mans heart; He is also a Medick or Physitian that can cure the sickness of the Soul, *viz.* ignorance by that *All-heal* knowledge, and the end of other

other Sciences, is but the beginning of this Science, of Sciences, *viz.* Divinity: For he is a Divine; Whose object is his Maker; nay, and besides all these, he is an Exquisite Chymist, sucking the marrow of all Philosophy, extracting out of it the quintescence; and by his *Mercury*, and other Alchymistical ingredients, He makes his *Elixar*, and Philosophers Stone, if possible to be made, and then he makes his Furnaces, his Golden *Indies* from whence he gets his Gold, and all this is to an excellent end, to aspire to the top of *Pythagoras* Y which deciphers Wisedom, and he knows he cannot climb to it without *Cræsus*'s Golden Ladder; A Learned Man is a Rabby that is skilled in the Oriental Tongues; This knowing man being pollish't by *Mercury*, and *Minerva*, may become one of the tall Cædars in the Lebanon of the Church or State, other shrubs being not fit *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*: Learning to a Schollar is good Armour, Armour of proof against the Heretical Cannons of Adversaries; yea, he is out of their Gun-shot, having drunk of the Muses *Hellicon*, that Spring and Fountain of Learning; He is then

as it were inſpired by that Learned goddeſs *Minerva* with Heavenly fire, and having taſted of *Ariſtotles Well*, he deteſts the muddy waters of ignorance; A learned man (with *Eſops* fellow Servant) can do all things, not aſcribing Omnipotence to any man, but all things that a man can do.

Learning is the ſtamp and ſuperſcription that is coyned upon learned men, and therefore they are currant, and runs with the ſwift Curranto's of his imagination over the Univerſe; Learning is the Jewel in a Learned Mans head, yea his Head is the Muſes Store-Houſe, their Capitol Learning is an Ornament to the Rich, Riches to the Poor, Power to the Potent, and what not? And now I have given you a Diſcription of the Learned, hear what difference that Cynick Phyloſopher *Diogenes* makes between the Learned and unlearned, ſaith he, As much difference there is, as between the dead and the living, ſo much difference there is between the Learned and Ignorant; But I had almoſt forgot to play the Aſtronomer about Calculating the Learned's Nativity, they are commonly brought into the World, when

Mercury

Mercury is culminating, which doth preſage them to be Wiſe, Studious, contemplative.

An Ignorant Man,

IS a meer *Simplicius*, he may have *St. Auſtins* Confeſſion written in Capito Letters about his head (after the *Romane* manner) with this Inſcription, *HOC TANTUM SCIO, QUOD NIHIL SCIO*, I onely know this, that I know nothing; Aske him any thing, and the Anſwer will be that *Neſcunt* word *Neſcio*, I know not. When an Ignorant man is to bring his Verdict in about any thing, it will be this, *Ignoramus*; Yea, he is an *Ignoramus* himſelf; ask him what he has been Reading, he will ſay *de nihilo*, of nothing, if you draw many Interrogatories he is vext, and ſaith, He knows what he knows.

Were I to picture an Ignorant man, I would paint him without eyes, for he is blind, the eyes of his Soul, of his underſtanding; the chief part thereof are

blind, yea all thoſe that wants the eye of Knowledge, may be ſaid to be blind; in my Judgement, the Mole would be a good Hyeroglyphick of an ignorant man, for as Naturaliſts ſay, it is blind, and alwayes plodding and digging in the Earth, ſo do ignorant men, and they with *Æſops* Cock in the Fable, had rather have Corn or alittle Earth, then the Pearle of Knowledge; Ignorant men are Owles that howle for woe in a night of Miſery; The Ignorant are inveloped in ſuch *Cymmerian* darkneſſe, where the Sun of Knowledge never viſits them, nor darts its joyful Beams into the crany's of their Souls; Ignorance is a Priſon, the ignorant are the priſoners that are enchained with chains, and fetters of ſlavery; yea untill the ſcales of ignorance be wipt from their eyes they will be blind; I may ſay juſt, and juſtly contrary of him; what I ſaid of a Learned man, the Sword of obſcurity keeps him from taſting of the Tree of Knowledge; yea his knowledge afterwards for want of knowledge will be a miſerable knowledge to know his miſery, which a Learned man ſhall be ignorant of; An ignorant man is a kind

of

of a fool, yea he may be embarqued in *Barkleys* Ship of Fools : You my know what an ignorant man is by the Rule of contrary, he is an oppoſite to a learned man, and I put them together, that you may ſee the greater difference, according to that Axiome, Cannon or Rule in Phyloſophy, *Contraria juxta ſe oppoſita maxime Avecſeunt* ; Is it not a wonder that he objects not this; if a Knowing , Learned man know all things, then with *Æſop*, I Anſwer, I know nothing ; if he know all things, what need I know any thing; he leaves nothing for me to know ; But I Anſwer, one man cannot Monopolize all Knowledge, but every man ought to have his ſhare of it ; The World is a Wilderneſs, Knowledge is mens guide, now without this, they know not which way to go, nor what to do, neither (as the ſaying is) do the ignorant know what is what ; An Ignorant man is unfit for all buſineſs, put to any, and his excuſe will be, I am a poor ignorant man, I cannot; yet he thinks he is an innocent man, an *Innocentius*, though not a Pope ; Every thing is a Riddle to the ignorant, with every unuſual thing, they are caught with an

extaſie of admiration, and think it a miracle, ſo indeed it is a wonder to him; and no wonder, he being ſo ignorant of Nature and Natural Cauſes; An Ignorant man is one of the Worlds Herd, grunting in a dung-hill of ignorance, and will never enter into *Minerva*'s Paradize, where is *Triſmegiſts* Tree, or Rod of Knowledge; I do not ſay it was a bough or twig of the Tree of Knowledge, but it has ſuch virtue in it, as it will be to him *Lignum Sacrum*, or a Holy Oke; Learning and Knowledge is the fruit of it, its leaves or bark, are (as it were) Books as in old time they were, out of which knowledge is gotten; It may be an ignorant man is of the opinion of ſome Phyloſophers to think that when Souls are ſeparate, they know all things, and ſo defers his knowledge till then; This *Ignoramus*, Oh! he will take heed of a book, for he thinks that will trouble his head with knowledge; his Soul is as white paper he thinks, and not ſcribled with ſuch intricate notions of knowledge as the Learned is; He can live very well in this Dungeon of Knowledge (as the Child that was born in a Dungeon) if he have but meat and

drink

drink what cares he for *Hellicon*, or learning the food of the Soul, he likes the *Tullianum* of ignorance, far better then the Sun-ſhine of Knowledge.

A Covetous Man,

WIth *Trake*, he compaſſeth the World, or at leaſt he deſires to do ſo; the world is his Zodiack, and he and his Gold makes *Gemini*; he may be called an Idolater, for he worſhips Images; and a Papiſt, for he adores Pictures; He would have been the firſt man that would have worſhipped *Nebuchadnezzar*'s golden Image; Poor ſimple man he is ſaid that he lived not in the Gold Age; for then he thinks he might have gotten Gold enough, and he is ſorrowful, he had not a being in the Silver Age, but is fallen into theſe hard times, into this Iron Age, laſt and worſt times; He wiſhes with *Midas*, all were turned into Gold, and he loves to drink of the golden waters, and his beſt drink he thinks is *Au-*

Aurum potabile, and Gold is his dainty, and in theſe (as *Apitius* in his dainty Banquets;) he places his *ſummum bonum*: A Covetous man is alwayes for *Arecipe*, and the Lawyers Terms, *To Have and to Hold*, are his three Principle Tenents, but *Yielding* and *Paying* are as eaſily got of him, as fire out of a flint; but by the ſteele, if he be a coward, he is never in a good mood, but he is alwayes in the *Optative* Mood, with an *Utinam* for Silver; This greedy man would (with *Auguſtus Cæſar*) make all men Tributaries to him; A Covetous man is the ruſt that ſticks to his Gold; He has heard Phyſitians ſay, that Gold is preſervative, but to him it has a contrary quality, for it is deſtructive, Gold is the Center of all his hopes; yea the World is the leaſt and moſt that he deſires, yea pieces of Gold and Silver are the circles in which he is conjured; theſe Images are laid up in fit places, and repoſitories, and he will never forget them; The Croſſes on his coyne, are thoſe upon which his mind is Crucified *Excruciated* and tormented; *Well* may he be called a Papiſt, yea a Pilgrime, that has ſo many Crucifixes and Croſſes, wandring

wandring in the Wilderneſs of the World; this greedy man well proves that he was made of red Earth: *Adam* אדם as this Hebrew VVord ſignifies, becauſe he ſo unſatiably ſeeks after reddiſh Earth; This Covetous man, is the *Utopians* fool, as they count Covetous men, becauſe they adore the ſhining of Pearls, or Gold or Silver, when they may ſee a thouſand times more in the Sun or in a Star, and becauſe he is ſuch reprobate Mettal, himſelf, he thinks he had need get Gold, or elſe every one would make light of him; A Covetous man makes himſelf more unclean then the *Augean* Stable, that might Purchaſe the *Indies*; O! Gold is a Covetous mans Paragon, he is a good Chymiſt, for out of his labours he extracts gold; he rather abuſes then uſes money, for his money is not currant as it ſhould be, but it is dormant; He ſometimes buries his money, yea alwayes when he dies, he buries it in graves (who knows) but he is of opinion of the men of *China*, who buries when a man dies all his Goods with him, to help him in the other World; A covetous man is a *Griffen*, for he doth build his neſt of Gold

(as

(as Naturalists observe the Griffens to do so) We will not give a Covetous man so much honor, as to call him a King, because he has many Crowns; nor well guarded, because he has so many good Angels to protect him; money is the mark he aims at; A covetous man wishes for *Democritus*'s plurality of Worlds; yea, and that there should be a Platonick year, and of all books of the World, he contemns none more then *Petrarchs, de contemptu mundi*, this man is a Heathen, would go to the *Elysin* fields, but he will not, because *Charon* will have too much for Ferrying him over Styx, and he would not go to *Elysium*, but he hopes there is besides that Paradise a land of Havilah, where he can get Gold enough; and now having Characteriz'd him, I will brand him with a black ⊖, is troubled much with the Ethical vice, *Avacitia*, Covetousnesse is an Abyss, a bottomless pit, a pit of destruction, a gulph; it is deciphered by the Poets, to be a Dog alwayes devouring never Satisfied. It is a *vacuum*, alwayes empty, never filled, and that which the Philosopher *Democritus* affirmed, *De infinito vasio*; that I may say of covetousnesse, it expatiates

expatiates its desire in *Spatium Imaginarium*, into that imaginary space beyond World's Heaven, and it would finde out a new *America*; truely this is like to the informed and deformed beast of *America*. This Covetousnesse, it doth with men as *Circes* did with *Ulisses* companions, transforme them into *Swine*, and make them wallow in Gold and Silver, the red and white excrements of the earth, and such dung-hill pleasures, as it made that Roman Emperour *Caligulæ* wallow and lye all along amongst heaps of money; Covetousnesse is a Dragon, that keeps the Golden apples in its *Hesperides*; made that great Emperour of *Macedonia*, *Alexander* the great weep, when he heard the Phylosopher *Anaxagoras* say, there was no more worlds but one,

Unus Peleo Juveni non sufficit orbis.

You may see what an irremiable Labrynth, this covetousnesse is, it is a *Hydra* oh for a *Hercules* to destroy it; it is a Lyon Rampant, whose devouring jaws are never satisfied; here what *Plutarch* said of Covetousnesse; a covetous minde saith he,

he, is as reſtleſſe in ſeeking, as it hath pleaſure in finding; as fire is never ſatisfied with wood, nor earth with water; ſo the Avarous is never ſatisfied with money; The covetous mans deſire is never termin'd nor bounded within the limits of reaſon; Covetouſneſſe is all hands and armes to hold and embrace all things; A covetous man was born, when Saturn had dominion, he is ſo covetous: So here is an end of this Eſſay of a Covetous man, and of covetouſneſs, and of Avarice, I wiſh there were a

Finis.

A Free Spirited, or a liberal Man.

IS one, who is much for *Plato*'s community of goods, and of all countries, and form of Government, he likes *Utopia*, and its community the beſt. He practizes the morral, Ethicall vertue, liberallity, moſt he knowes is ſpeculative parts of Ethicks; morral Phyloſophy, is not

not enough for a man, unleſſe he have the Practick too, it is a Practicall Science. He knows, what he has is diſtributed to him, by the hand of providence; and he muſt give account of it again, and that he is but a Steward; and therefore he with a liberal hand gives it away, and doth good in his generation. This law of nature is ſo deeply imprinted on his minde; that he muſt doe as he would be done to, that time ſhall not raiſe it out, it being ingraven in the table of his minde, and printed in the book of his conſcience, as with a pen of iron and pencil of braſſe with indellible Characters. This man is ſurely in a good caſe, for he is commonly in the *Dative* Caſe; he gives that away liberally, which he received freely, and he knows hereafter he ſhall be no looſer by it. A liberal man is the beſt Uſurer, for what he gives, it is but a lending, for he knows he ſhall be repaid hereafter in better coyne doubly and trebly. He is one of the moſt ſenſible members in a body politick, for he ſimpothizes with others. A liberal man, is a ſun that ſhines bright in his horizon, and his good influence is upon every one, and every one partic-

pates

cipates of his Golden rayes, his ears are open to all Petitions; Prayers, Supplications and Requeſts, and his hands is liberall to ſupply their neceſſities. He knowns man is not made for himſelf, but ought to do good to one another, though he be not Rich, yet *nihil eſt nihil de eſt*, he is very merciful; Mercy has its throne in his heart; Charity is the *Diana* that he worſhips, liberality it ſelf ſeems to be his eſſence. A liberal man knows that excellent Paradox, give all and have all; he is a publick ſpirited man, he deſires, labours and endeavours more after the good of his Country then his own private intereſt, It may truly be ſaid of him as it was ſaid of that Roman Emperour *Titus*.

He is *Amor & delicium ætatis*, I wiſh there were no end of ſuch liberal men.

A proud ſelf conceited Man,

IS a *Caſtril*; his Liver has too much blood in it, overflown with it, for he has a Plurifie; he had need be let blood by the Sword of Juſtice, and being Anatomized, his heart will be found a great one; he ſwells ſo with the poyſon of pride, that he is like to burſt; he has got this plurifie by ſitting in, and being too much heated by the ſun of glory; he ſoars up to the Clouds, being blown up thither by the Winds of Fame. A proud man with *Iccarus* with his waxen wings of pride, ſoars up to heaven; but the ſun of righteouſneſſe, will melt their daring wings with his fiery radiant beams; and then they muſt have *Icarus*'s his fate ſink down into a ſea of miſery, woe and calamity.

This ſelf conceited proud man, looks at his vertues (if he have any) with his eyes

eyes as multiplying Glaſſes; and ſees, rather thinks, he ſees two vertues when he has but one; if he have done a good deed, he thinks he is the tenth Worthy, but unworthy of ſuch a dignity, and may be regiſtred amongſt *Plutarchs* ſelected Heroes, and that famous act Chronicled and with *Auguſtus Cæſar* in this Theater of the World, he thinks he has acted his part gallantly and deſerves a plaudit. A proud man thinks he is a *Phœbus*, and he would have all men *Parthian*-like, worſhip ſuch a ſun as he is, and he thinks his vertues like ſtarrs, and when ſoever he reflects upon himſelf, his eyes are dazled when they look upon ſuch a *Phœbian* Tranſparency, Tranſparent ſplendor, and ſplendent glory and brightneſſe, which he thinks he contains in his ſphear and orb; nay, more he thinks his eyes, or the glaſſy humour of them after he has lookt upon him, the Sun as he thinks himſelf; they may be as burning-glaſſes reflecting his Sun-like ſplendour on men to enflame their hearts with love to him, and admiration of his glory, and glorious brightneſſe, and bright excellency, and excellent beauty; A proud man is a *Camelion*, he lives by

Aire

Aire, with the breath of praiſe; He cannot think of his excellencies without an extaſie, when he doth any thing, he ſtiles it *Opus aureum*, a golden work, as *Eraſmus colloques* were named; he has not learned the Wiſe mans Apothegem yet; *Noſce Teipſum*, but he is a great ſtranger to himſelf.

A proud man, if he can ſpeak two or three languages, he thinks he may compare with *Scaliger* or *Mithridates*, for a Linguiſt, and thinks he has *Mercuries* golden tongue; he conceits for every word that he ſpeaks, and for every thing that he doth, he may fly upon the wings of fame and add golden feathers to it; beſides to ſay the truth of him, he is famous for infamy. A bladder blown full of winde, he looſes himſelf, when he ſpyes what prodigious parts he has, ſo indeed; tis true, he has ſo, for he is a Monſter; he is a flattering *Gnatho* to himſelf, he proves the beſt, that mans life is but a blaſt; he is a ſelf conceipted fool, and a fool in a play on the Worlds Stage, and at the end of his Tragedy; ſerpentine wiſdome inſtead of a plaudit, ſhall give him a hiſſe: Pride is like gun powder, that blowes him up to the clouds

to heaven, that he may fall as low as hell; and so pride has a fall.

A proud man, he is the second of *England*; if a native, he thinks he is the man, a brave Heroick spark, a *Lucifer* or a bright Star in his generation; and he sings an *Euge* to himself: This Weldone annimates him exceedingly, he will be chief, *aut Cæsar, aut nullus*; he with *Cæsar*, will have no superior; and with *Pompey* will have no equall, he thinks all his words be Oracles, and he thinks he is a second *Apollo* himself, his words he esteems axioms, and would have all men to have his words, of that authority as *Pythagoras* speeches was to his disciples, *Ipse dixit*, all his commands must be laws; yea, and as the laws of the *Medes* and *Persians*, that must not be altered; he has diminutive thoughts of all other men, but he thinks he has superlative parts, though they be nothing in comparison to others; I do not wish him a *Vale*, unlesse he will descend into the Vally of humility, and puts to his pride an end.

A meere Physitian.

A Meer Physitian, is a kind of an Emperick, but is distinguish't by his garb; his Authors are *Gallen* and *Hypocrates*, yea he sometimes reads *Alexis* of *Piemont*, or the regiment of Health; the subject of this Physick, as well as Physicks natural Philosophy, is, *Corpus naturale*; yea, he has some skill in Tacticks, for he feels Pulses; yea, and his speculation is an Urinal, which Urinal is a looking to him, to see the faces of all Diseases; and though the Patients water cannot drown them, yet with his Druggs, he will poyson and expell them: He is a Quacksalver, and *Paracelsus* is his Patron; his sentences are Aphorismes; He reckons up the names of Diseases, though he cannot tell you the nature of them; it may be he will reckon them in Greek, he cracks much of his All-health, and other quirkes, that he has to get money. This dull Physitian is a pretty good Chymist, for out of these Druggs of his, he can extract gold; yea, and he la-

bours to get the Philoſophers Stone, but he will knock out his brains againſt it, if he have any; his practiſe is ſo much about bodies, he never mindes ſouls, but is all for the body, that I think is the reaſon of that ſharpe ſentence, *ubi ſunt tres medici duo Atheiſt*: Where there is three Phyſitians, there two of them are Atheiſts, and he has a ſad ſickneſſe of his ſoul; and now there is need of *Roſſe*, that our *Medicus* may be *Medicinatus*, our healer heald, and Phyſitian cured. This Phyſitian is of the ſtrangeſt diſpoſition, he is ſick when others are well, and when others are ſick he is well; *Hierophilus*, ſaith a Phyſitian, meaning a right learned and skillfull one, is *manus Dei*, but this if he be ſo, is ſent to hurt, rather then to heal; *Paracelſus* his Author, would have Phyſitians to be Magitians too; I think he has followed his maſters deſire, and can by his Preſciens prevent Witchcraft: there is a witty flout put upon Phyſitians, but is proper to ſuch Quack-ſalvers as he is, that they of all men can kill ſcot-free, and then they cure men of all Diſeaſes.

A Divine,

HE thunders in his Doctrine, and lightens in his converſation, he is or ſhould be a divine man, whoſe contemplation is fixt as with Eagles eyes on the ſun of righteouſneſſe, and is like the pretious pearl; Afterities contains thoſe ſuns beams, and rayes in it, and reflects them unto others; but is not like the Gloe-worm, onely to give light to himſelf; but is a ſhining Lamp to his Generation: He is endued with *Mercuryes* golden tongue; for truly to declare his meſſage, he needs to have the tongues of men and Angels, and to deliver thoſe divine Oracles to his people; he is an Embaſſadour from the King of Kings unto men, that they may become his Subjects and enjoy an heavenly Kingdome. He is a Prophet, to prophely, and a Prieſt to offer the Incenſe of prayer for the ſins of his people: He is a ſhephard, his people are a flock, the Church

the fold, he doth not fleece them but feed them. First, by his good example. Secondly, by ſound Doctrine. Thirdly, *ſubſidio vitæ ſuſtenance*, which if he have it, he is charitable to the poor, yea he reduces and brings them back from the by wayes of ſin; His Longus are his bellowes, that he may blow the winds of Doctrine into them, which is the breath of life. He is a good Phyſitian which heals the ſickneſſe of mens ſouls with heavenly Balſome, and the falling ſickneſs, when they fall into ſin; that ſad *Epilepſy* he pores in Oyle of conſolation into their wounded conſciences; He ſhews them a neerer way to heaven then by *Homers* chain, or *Aquinas's aurea Catena*; but his chain is, *Aura Virtutum Catena*, the golden Chain of Virtues: Religion is a Charriot, and Chriſtians are thoſe that bear the Yoake of this Religion and Chriſtianity. This Charriot of Religion has almoſt been overwhelmed in a Sea of blood, a red ſea, in the time of thoſe butcherlike Emperours, but this Divine is an *Aaron*, and the Captaine of Salvation is our heavenly *Moſes*, that will lead Chriſtians, thoſe true *Iſraelites* out of this Wilderneſſe of trouble;

yet

yet giving them the Heavenly *Manna*, and will bring them out of this red Sea, and conduct them into their Heavenly *Canaan*, after they are got out of this *Ægypt* of the World and Wilderneſſe, where the Scripture, or God will be a Pillar of Fire by night to direct them in this night of Ignorance. This Chariot of Religion will be a fiery Charriot to convey us to Heaven, like to that of *Elijahs*; A Divine is a Pillar of the Church, and one who is alwayes hurried in the Fiery Charriot of Zeal; He is a Cherubin for Knowledge, and a Seraphin for Zeal, as the word Seraphin ſignifies, Burning, Flaming; He is ſometimes a *Boanerges*, a Son of Thunder to conitruate comminations and threatnings againſt evil doers; other times he is a *Barnabas*, a Son of Conſolation, He is a Good Souldier of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and a good Captain in the Church-Militant, and therefore ſhall be glorified when the Church is Triumphant, when all its Enemies are under its feet, yea, and that ſquattie Moon; This Divine, I ſay with the Silver Trumpet of the Goſpel, Summons and Alarams all Chriſtians to come to their Spiritual War-

fare, and to Arme themſelves with the Sword of the Spirit to fight againſt the World, Fleſh and Devil, that grand Enemy of Man, who is the Dragon that foams out Fire and Brimſtone, but our Heavenly *Hercules* will ſlay him; This Dragon kills many with his breath, the wind and breath of Falſe Doctrine, breathing the wind of temptations and afflictions, and ſo ſtorms poor Souls to death; This Divine is Learned, that he may teach the unlearned, wiſe to teach the unwiſe; He is a Merchant that has travelled over all Arts and Sciences to the Pearle of Learning, yea, he makes his Arts to be Hand-maids to wait on Divinity, which is not the Αλφα but the Ωμεγα of his Studies; yea, at the end of his Life; (with *Luther*) he deſires his Diſciples to Read his Books, *Audi, Lege Libros*; Yea, his laſt Speeches are (as it were) his Funeral Sermons, wherein he himſelf is a Spectacle of Mortality, in which they may ſee Death clearly.

A Grammarian.

IS one that can ſpell his deſtiny; as well as words, yea, and he can ſpell it by the accents; He puts on mans birth an Aſperate; and on tender Infancy he puts a Lene; Mans youth and manhood will have an Accuit; Old age will have a Circumflex when they bend; and death at the end of all will have a Grave. A Grammarian is an utter enemy to Barbariſme and Solaciſme, he is a very orderly man, he puts all things in method and order, he laies the foundation of tongues, he is a punctual man and minds all his ſtops, he uſes more then Lypſian curioſity in his pronunciation, which other Nations deride; He puts all things into good Syntax; and ſurely he is a peaceable man, for he is all for concord; A Gramarian would have Women to be Supines, and himſelf to be in the Genitive caſe, in *Caſu gignendi*, if he be one of *Pluto*'s Troops, or be skill'd in *Ovids de Arte Amandi*; all books that

that are not punctual about Orthography, nor the Language not linked with the Cords of good Syntax, whose Sentences are as *Nero* said *Senaca*'s was, to make ropes without sand; These Books he saith, deserve to be put in *Pantagruel's* Library, or bound with *Tartaretus de modo cacandi*,

A Grammarian whose Art, *viz. Grammatica*, consists of four Pillours, First, Orthography; Secondly, Etymology; Thirdly, Syntax; Fourthly, Prosodia: First, For Orthography, *Cato*'s discerning-eye, could not descry a knot, sooner then he will perceive his Orthography corrupted; Secondly, for his Etymology, he will slice words in twain, and mince them so long, until he finds out the root he diggs for; he abstracts all compounds, and at last he comes to Simples, he runs from one thing to another (as the *Pythagoreans* did to find a *Deity*) from whence came this word from, that from whence that, untill he comes to the *Theme* and *Radix* he traces words; And for Syntax, whosoever doth not tye his speech with its tyes, he wishes a rope were about his neck, κατα τι and hanged within the

Letter

Letter Π which is a figure of a pair of Gallows, neither doth he ever abide to ſee womans manuſcripts, and that which would break *Priſians* Head, will break his Heart; The laſt part or Pillar upon which his art depends on his Proſodia; and here he ſpeaks ſometimes in a grave tone, ſometimes he is an Aſper, ſometimes a Lene, and he has ſometimes a rough Spirit, *Spiritus Aſper*, ſometimes of a mild Spirit, *Spiritus Lenis*, yea to conclude, he is part of a Muſitian, for he keeps his time, and ſcans words.

A Logician.

A Logician is a Reaſonable Man, he is skilled in the Art of reaſoning; He with *Phaeton* rides upon the Sun of Reaſon, which is the eye of the Soul, which *Sol* with his bright rayes ſhines glorioufly in the Firmament of mans Soul; But when our Great Sier *Adam* fell, then the Sun of mans Reaſon was Eclipſed, and then this *Lucifer* had its fall too; But this Logician he ſtrives to diſſipate

dissipate the clouds of ignorance, that bemists mans reason, so that men by this means recovers the sight of this eye of the Soul; But yet he hides this Gem, this Pearle in such a *Trophonious* Den of Obscurities, that men need have *Tiberius* his eyes to discover it, and *Lynx* its sight to perceive it; A Logician when he cannot unloose knots of difficulties, more harder to unloose then that *Gardian* knot, then with *Alexander* he cuts them with the sword of distinctions; A Logician is an *Œdipus*, to unriddle those riddles of that *Sphinx Phylosophia*, or *Sphinx Phylosophica*, which if a man cannot undoe, it kills him with Grief, Care and Study; yea and of Nature too; Another *Sphinx* which drowned our chiefest Philosopher *Aristotle* in *Euripus*, and smothered or Martyred, that great yea greatest Naturalist *Pliny* in *Vesuvius* flames; Logick is Philosophy, or Phylosophies Mechanick, that makes all its Instruments; A Logician distinguishes of all things, divides all things, reasons and disputes of all things, and defines all things; he disputes *pro* and *con*, he refutes errours stifly, answers Objections throughly, distinguishes rightly, explains

explains things throughly, defends his opinions againſt gainſayers; A Logician is a very underſtanding man, and his art is to bring a reformation to reform the underſtanding, though this Art will puzzle Intellects; he is a cunning Sophiſter, who by his Sophiſtry can circumvent; yea he can ſometimes delude by his fallacies, but to ſay truth of him, he has his *veritas logica*; he is not *Thema Simplex*, but *ſingulare*, a ſingular man; he is *ens completum*, he is *homo omnium horarum*; But now I come to a Concluſion, which is *Finis.*

A Rhetorician, or an Orator.

A Rhetorician, or Orator, is one whoſe Speech is elevated to the height of the *Ciceronian* Pole, whoſe ſtile is copious, flexible and eloquent; he has gotten *Eraſmus*'s *Copia verborum*; He has a very well-tuned *Genius*, (as I may call it) for his Words are ſweet Har-

Harmony, that charmes men; He is one that minds the cadency, and chiming of words, as much as the denſity of the matter, his words are *genuine* and *maſculine*; He is very ſententious, yea, as that famous *Seneca*, and he ſeems to have read *Gabriel* and *Camaracenſis* books of Sentences.

Mercury the God of eloquence, is feigned by the Poets to have wings on his armes and feet, that he might fly to Heaven; ſo this our *Mercury* may be ſaid to have ſo too, for he ſoars to the clouds ſometimes with his winged Eloquence; His words are like *Areſta*'s arrows that catch fire as they fly; ſurely *Promethius* is preſent with him with his heavenly fire, that doth inſpire him; *Mercury*'s Golden tongue he has (which being a good tongue is) *Æſops* beſt diſh, which makes a good reliſh in the Pallat of every Judicious mans Judgement.

An Orator is a ſecond *Orpheus*, who with the ſweet Muſick of his words, draws every one after him; He is a ſecond *Apelles*, for he ran depict and ſets forth every thing in lively Colours; He is another *Proteus*, for he can transform himſelf into what form and ſhape he will;

will; ſometimes he will be a Dog to bark at all mens manners, a biteing *Menippus*, ſometimes a Serpent to ſting men with reproaches, a ſtinging *Hipponax*; And thus he has as many deluſions as a Jugler, but in them all, he ſhews that he has skill in Politicks, and is a Politician, for he doth all theſe things out of Policy; A Rhetorician is all Tongue, by which Inſtrument he overcomes and wins more then *Mars* by his Weapons, witneſſe the Orator *Cyneas*, whom King *Cyrus* confeſſed he had gotten and won, more Towns by *Cineas*'s Eloquence, then by *Mars*'s Inſtruments; An Orator is ſo perſwaſive, that if he but ſay it, none can gain-ſay it; truly he by his charms of eloquence rocks men into ſuch pleaſing lul-la-bie, and dallies them in ſuch a *Dallilahs* Lap of pleaſure, that he takes all ſtrength from ſuch ſtrong *Sampſons*.

An Arithmetician.

I wonder whether an Arithmetician, in the Book of Nature ſtand for a cypher,

cypher, or is a figure; He seems to play with his figures, and makes them fight with one another, and musters his Armies of Figures which are almost innumerable, and sets them in rank and file, and those that are overcome, he cancels them, but of all cancelling, he loves to cancel his debts in other mens debt-Books; His Art of Arithmetick consists of nine Figures, *viz.* 1, 2, 3, 4, *&c.* and a cypher it stands for nothing; but if that o Cypher, be well pondred in the scales of a Judicious mans Judgement, it will preponderate, and over weigh all the other nine figures; An Arithmetician saith, ⊙ the Cypher is no figure, but the Phylosopers say, an o, or a circle is *Figura Capacissima*, the World is an ⊙, the Heavens the Cæleſtial Sphears are os; o is called *figura divinissima*; This o is the greatest Letter in the Book of nature, o is the figure in which *Motus* runs and moves in; o after figures increaseth the sum ten times, yea and will make them run into *Infinitum*.

An Arithmetician (with the *Pythagoreans*) minds mystical numbers, he saith, 1. 3. 5. 9. are mystical numbers;

bers; but his prime words are *Imprimis* and *Items*; If this Arithmetician be for a Curteſan, a Whore, then he practiſes the Rule of Multiplication, and puts an Addition to the innumerable number of Men and Women; *Arithmeticus* is a nounce of number, and he is all for numbers; An Arithmetician is a good player at Tables, for by his Table of Numeration he Lives, yea and it is alwaies furniſhed with ſuch multiplicity of Unites, Tens, Hundreds, Thouſands, *&c.* of nothing but figures, He Lives by his Figures; We may call him a Rhetorician, for he uſes figures, and when he writes, he writes figure-hand; He would think it a Paradox for to ſay 200. Cyphers make 8. as they do 8. An Arithmetician is a piece of a Mathematician, but if he be *Bacchus* Companion, he Learns the Rule of Good Fellowſhip; When he breaks out, then he falls into Fractions, and then he exceeds the Golden Rule of Temperance; An Arithmetician, if he be covetous, and an Idolliter of money, he practiſes his Arithmetick moſt upon his money in numbring of it, untill he come to the *Summa Totalis*, he could wiſh he could practiſe the Rule of Mul-

tiplication upon his Gold and Silver; *In ſum*, I will tell you firſt what he is not, he is not a Cypher, but one, who of all men may number his dayes beſt, but of all other he numbers them leaſt, becauſe he thinks they are innumerable; *Item*, he is a Figure in the Book of Nature until death come with his Dart, and Cancel him, and then there will be an end of this our Arithmetician.

A Muſitian,

IS one of *Therpſicore* and *Sterpes* his Sons; He is a merry Fellow, He obeyes *Heliogabalus*'s precept the moſt;

Ede, Bibe, Lude, poſt mortem nulla Voluptas.

He is a Choriſter, and with his loud and unintelligible Chantings, Inchants men with his Charming Magick; He is Natures ſweeteſt voice, and is *Cupids* Chanticlere, who with his Divine Ayres, chirps out his fringing matutines; A Muſitian by his joyning of Concords

and

and Diſcords, betwixt them both ſtrikes an heart-raviſhing harmony; he is a conjurer in the circle of the ear, that Conjures men with his Conjuring Charms; A Muſitian is onely a voice, and *Æolus* lends him Ayr, and ſo by the Bellows of his Lungs, and by his wind-pipe, and other parts he has, which are the Organs from whence this Muſick proceeds; when the heart ſinks down (as it were) into the Earth, and would be buried there, yea, when it is almoſt dead, he with the breath of his Muſick reſuſcitates it again; by his Muſick he warms the benumed Spirits that were frozen in the Freeze-land of grief and ſorrow; He is another *Orpheus*, who with his Harmonious Harp draws men after him; He is one that is skilled in the Ionick and Dorick Dioleƈt of Muſick; He is natures Nightin-Gale, that ſings *Sweet, Sweet*, and *Jug, Jug*, for he is much for drink, ſtrong drink he thinks is *Joves* Neƈtar, and wiſhes that *Ganemedes* were his Cup-bearer; He is a Bird that is Impriſoned in the Cage of the World, ſometimes he is a prating Fellow, and then he is a Parrat; ſometimes he is ravenous, and then a Raven; He is a

merry man, a Jolly Fellow, a Boone Companion, and a Friend to *Bacchus*; if one be liberal to him, he will ſing their Praiſes above *Ela*, yea above Heavens *Ela*, but poor man, he is almoſt choaked with that Guttural Gam-ut, and when he is about paying his debt to Nature, his groans and ſighs ſeems to be his Funeral Songs, his ſad ditty; but when he is abſolved from Natures debt, then he will ſtretch forth his voice until he come to his Diapaſons, ſo that he may ſing his part with thoſe warbling Sphears, and he thinks himſelf happy to be an Auditor of the rare Harmony of theſe Celeſtial Sphears and Orbs, yea, and he aſpires higher to bear a part in the Quire of Heavenly Angels, whoſe perpetual task it is to ſing their concording parts without pauſe, redoubling and diſcanting Halelujahs. A Muſitian, his rare Harmony leaves as many Eccho's in the ears and hearts of his hearers; as Travellers reports, their is in the *Pyrenian* hills; A Muſitian of all other men he keeps time the beſt, but the flying wings of fethered time wafts away from others; But to be Brief, he

is

is but a ſound, a voice; The Poets might have feighned a Muſitian to be turned into a Nightin-gale, but death Metamorphiſes him, and he becomes a Bird of Paradiſe, I mean of *Plato*'s Paradiſe, the *Eliſian* Fields.

A Geometrician.

A Geometrician is not an unmeaſurable man, for he meaſures all things, ſaving unmeaſurable things; He by his Geometry finds the figure of the World that is round, and therefore he is almoſt perſwaded to be an Athiſt, and to be of the Opinion of ſome Phyloſophers, *viz.* That the World is Eternal; He uſes *Jacobs Staf*, more then he uſes *Jacobs ladder*, *viz.* prayer to climb to Heaven, I think he is not proud, though he be high-minded; He Surveys all the World, and finds it to be but a Punctum (in reſpect of the vaſt circumference of the Heavens, that are circular; A Geometrician beholds his figures (as it were) in ſport and meaſures the di-

ſtance, whether a thing be nigh or far off; He is not an unruly man, for he doth every thing by his Rule, and he keeps within compaſſe, he knows that the Diameter, the VVorlds Axel-tree is that upon which the VVorld hangs, as though the World were Crucificed, and wrack't upon the Tree of Knowledge; for Knowledge torments more then ignorance; you would think this Geometrician were a Conjurer, for he is alwayes drawing Circles, and Lines, and Triangles, and Quadrangles, and Cones, and ſuch ſtrange Figures; He ſeems to be a kind of a Phyloſopher that has skill in Quantities, Lines, Superficies, and Corpus he knows has three dimenſions. And when this Geometrician has viewed all the VVorld, he ſees it is a Ball, and there he knows nothing that is round can fill his Triangular heart, but that the three Corners are empty, and thoſe he ought to fill with thoſe three *that are one, and with that one which is three*; This Geometrician he ſquares out his actions the beſt of any I know; He has skill in the Globes, both Terreſtiall and Celeſtial; If he be a Beaſtly fellow, he beholds his Emblem or Picture

in

in the glaſſy Terreſtrial Globe which is a Looking-Glaſſe, and ſees Beaſts in it, and eſpecially a Swine; but truly I think he will never ſee himſelf in the Terreſtrial Globe it ſelf, nor any beſides; I doubt he will never come there, but may be *Pluto* will take him to meaſure his Subterraneal VVorld; A Geometrician is like to *Alexander* the Great in this, for the whole VVorld cannot content him, if he be a Covetous man, but death fills his mouth full of Earth, who could not fill his heart with Poſſeſſions; yea a yard or two of Ground will ſuffice him, when he yields to the fates, and he who by his Compaſſes would have Compaſſed the whole VVorld, I mean the Compaſſes of his Covetouſneſſe as well as his other; He now muſt be contented to lye in *puncto terræ* could not this Geometrician with that wiſe *Æſop*, have made him a Tower in the Air, whoſe four Corners might have been born up with four *Soaring*, Flying Eagles, and that this Tower might have been as the Tower of *Babel*, whoſe top ſhould have aſpired to Heaven, and ſo cauſe theſe Eagles that are *Joves* Meſſengers, carry his Soul to the *Empereall*

Heavens, as the heathens of old, when they uſed to Canonize their Emperours for gods; when their bodies was burnt, they uſed to ſet an Eagle or a painted Eagle at the top of the Rogus or funeral pile, to ſignifie, that the Emperours ſoul was tranſported to heaven by that ſoaring Eagle: A Geometrician with *Archimides* is drawing lines, when the fiery deſtinies is about burning the Manſion-houſe of his body; and then there is an end of him.

An Aſtronomer,

AN Aſtronomer, is an Heavenly minded man; he with the Phyloſopher *Anaxagoras* cares for his Country; his contemplation is in heaven, about heavenly things; he has power over the Stars,

——— *Sapiens dominabitur.*

An Aſtronomer conſiders the motion of the Star; he is a ſublime Traveller; for by

by his imagination, he Travells in that milky way; He looks on the Stars with a judicious eye, yea with his eyes, as two prospective glasses, beholding the cælestial eyes of heaven, whether or no they look kindly upon the earth; He beholds heavens countenance, that shines with those her orient Pearls, her many eyes, that are as though *Titan* the bright eyes of heaven were divided into so many eyes; He beholds those eyes, often weep their fiery beams, to see the flames of anger burn in men, yea he beholds what opposition there is in the houses of heaven about *Venus* as well as in the houses of the earth. This Astronomer if skilled in Astrology too, considers the powerful working influence and effects of the Stars, *Tycho* and *Braha* are his Authors: He beholds *Aquarias* eye, that it weeps alwayes to look on the miseryes and obliquities of men done upon the earth; of all signes he thinks *Libra* ♎, which is thought to be as the *Scales* of Justice, yea and as Poets feign, this *Libra* was a Justice on the earth, who is now flone to heaven; and that is the reason why we have so little justice on the earth; I say this Astrologer sees that *Libra* has the

least

leaſt influence on men then any ſign has, which is the reaſon why there is ſo few *Ariſtides's* juſt men: He alſo ſees *Leo*, thats a bad ſign, that it hath great influence on men below, thats the reaſon ſo many men are ſo Lyon-like; He has caſten his own Nativity, and can tell you that *Mercury* in his geniture was culminating, which is the reaſon why he is ſo Studious and contemplative: This Aſtronomer or Aſtrologer, Prognoſticates what will come to paſſe, he knows that thoſe heavenly Signes; *viz.* Stars are ſet up, that they may be as ſignes and tokens, what ſhall be done on Earth, which they firſt Preſage. This Aſtrologer he ſees future things in the Chryſtaline or glaſſie heavens; yea, and in his *Gallilæan* glaſſe, he ſees heavens face clearly, and perſpicuouſly, and ſees whether heavens face frowns upon the Earth or no; but oh! when he ſees heavens Hyperion, its illuſtrious eye to be blinded, as to us, thick miſts clouds, and the moon interpoſing, and *Titan* ſuffering by reaſon of theſe, a fatal ecclipſe; then he ſaith it prognoſticates, that the ſun of the worlds glory, or rather the ſun of righteouſneſſe ſhall as to us be ecclipſed, by reaſon of a

world

world of ſin and miſery interpoſes: An Aſtronomer is ſwallowed up in *Des Cartes Vortices*, in which we leave him hopeing, that he (as Sir *Francis Drake*) will paſſe the Gulph.

Nemo.

Nemo is a negative; I will affirm, that *Nemo poteſt omnia*; *Nemo* is very wiſe, *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit*; Though *Nemo* have no real exiſtence, yea, we may have ſome confuſed notions of ſuch *non entitis*, and have a Platonick *Idea* of him in our minds; many may wonder at this ſtrange *Chimæra*, that never was, nor is, nor will be; but will ſuppoſe he is onely a *Chimæra* of our brain: The Poets have attributed much to this *Nemo*; he like *Eſops* fellow ſervant, can do all things, then he leaves nothing for others to do; all blame and accuſations are laid upon poore *Nemoe's* back; but that we may come to the knowledg of *Nemo*, we will dive into the Abyſſe, and ſee if we can finde him there; then with our fancies we will rove into that *ſpatium imaginarium*,

em, that imaginary place beyond world and Heavens, and we will fly into all *Democritus*'s worlds; and we will fly to the Moon, and see if the opinions of the new Phylosophers be true, that there is a world there, and see whether that thing in the moon, that represents a man, whether it be so or not, and if it be no man, *Nemo* then I will cry out with *Archimedes*, ευρηκα ευρηκα, I have found him, I have found him; *Nemo* is some *non-entity*, he dwels in Sir *Thomas Moores* Utopia, and has his habitation, *in terra incognita Magellanica*; *Nemo* surely is something spiritual, for we use to define spiritual things negatively, and tells what they are not, rather then what they are; I think it would puzle the *Delphick* Oracles to declare *Nemo* unto us.

A Gyant.

A Gyant is a *Hercules* in a Lyons skin if he be wicked, he is a *Zamzummim* if rebellious, a *Berisides*, that with his hundred

hundred hands, attempt to throw *Jupiter* out of his Ivory throne. A Gyant is natures Monſter; mans wonder a coloſſe and doth little, but ſtands for an image. A Gyant thinks to be a King, for he has gotten his Iron Marke or Scepter, and he is called *Terra Filius* the ſon of the Earth, he is a Cyclops, he attempts to ſnatch *Joves* Lightning out of his hand to reach the ſtars, but *Jupiter* and they are out of his reach, he looks at other men as ſo many Pigmies, he has as little of goodneſs as he has a great deal of greatneſs and quantity; but when he yeilds to the fates he is good for nothing but to make the birds of the Air a feaſt, and his bones Sheilds, and Mace, as Precious reliques for antiquaries to adore, and to ſhew as wonders to ſucceding generations; He lives in the bowels of the Earth, and may well be the ſon of the Earth, and lives in Cells; though I think he is no papiſt, not ſo devout; He is a *Tytheus* that ſhakes the Earth and makes the Earth-quake for fear; He is a puple to the Whirl-wine, and is a Cyclops skilled in the accents of the cracking ſphears, when he ſpeaks, he

ſpeaks

ſpeaks in Thunder and fulminates comminations: he ſits upon the Center of the Earth then in all likelihood he is a Teutonick Philoſopher that mind Centers much: Nature has expatiated him to ſuch a length, and has reard him to ſuch a height, that he might be an *Atlaſs* to bear up Heaven with his ſhoulders: This is his reſolution when he cannot prevaile with his Θεομαχοι.

Flectere ſi nequeo ſuperis Acheronta movebo.

A Melancholy Man.

LIves in the ſubterraneal goal of grief and his ſorrows are like ſo many furys to torment him crueller, then that ancient *Rhadamanthe*, that tear him as though he were already lodg'd in *Acheronta's* priſons, ſurely this *Atrabilis* is the Water of *Stix* or of that *Læthean* lake, I ſhould call this humour *Orcus*, and his body Hell: this Melancholy humour though it be black, yet it may be tear-

med

med a bloody humour for it kills him; A Melancholy man makes his body an Urine, and he ſeems to be a Mourner and to put on ſables, all his hopes and joyes being buryed; A Melancholy man is a great Architect, for he builds Caſtles in the Air; He is as dull (as the Phraiſe is) as Dun in the Mire, he ſits as though he were in Dole commans extaſie, he muſes as though he were a ſtudent in the Platonick Den, ſometimes he has ſuch freiks of fancy that would make *Democratus* (if he were alive) break his ſpleen with laughing; ſometimes beſotted in ſuch a lethargy, ſick with ſuch an Apoplexy and bedlam-like poſſeſt with ſuch a frenſie, that it would have made weeping *Heraclitus*, if he had been a ſpectator of his miſery have wept his Eyes out, that he might never again be a beholder of ſuch woe, miſery and calamity; ſurely this man need faile to *Antaſiria*. A Melancholy mans Hieroglyphick is a Dormous: A Melancholy mans black humor, is like *Stix* its water, or it is ſome thick vapours that riſe out of mans little world; O that the Sun of comfort would exhale them, but I doubt theſe vapours will Eccliſe it; A Melancholy man

man lives, as they do in the Northern coasts, that are blinded in *Cymmerian* darkness, and have some glimmering light from the *ignis fatuus* of his understanding, as they have from the North Pole; but the Sun of comfort doth not visit him with his comfortable raies before the Egyptian Serpent encircles it self, I mean a year: A Melancholy man sees or rather thinks he sees such strang Phanomenons, but are but the Chimera's of his brain, he with his plumed imagination flys into *terra incognita*, the earthly part, the worst part of him (as *Ovid* accounts it) is the *terra del fugo*, the Land of Smoke for the fates and destinies, have made him a martyr in the flames of their wrath, anger and displeasure; yea, and a Melancholike mans moisture is as the Euxime or dead Sea, yea he is, and hath been deluged in an Ocean of woe and misery, his Sun of Glory is Ecclipsed, his night of sorrow is come, his body is his prison, his fetters are his vexatious thoughts, and this Melancholy, his Executioner; and now you may hear his sad Catastrophe, of this sad Tragedy of his; O Death is the end, *Exit*.

A Souldier.

A Souldier.

A Souldier is one of *Mars*'s Champions, when he comes out of a fight, then the Almanacks red Anatomy of a man is his Picture, his body, is (as it were) all of Iron, saving his Face, which is a Face of Brass; In the *Zodiack* of the world, he is *Leo*, he is a vigilant man for he is oft upon his guard, and if at any time *Morpheus* lull him in the bed of security, he is quickly rouzed by thundering alarums, he deserves to be indicted in the high Court of Justice, for he *vi & armis* by force he takes away mens goods: King *James* calls great Warriours and Conquerours splended Robbers, for they gild their Robberies with golden pretences; A Souldiers chief Musick, is that of Drumes and Trumpets, that are of a Jonick and Dorick Dialect; yea, his voice imitates them, he thunders with his voice, and lightens with his power, he is another *Vulcan*, this Souldiers sides are Iron sides, yea a man

of Iron and money, is the Load-ſtone, that draws this Iron man, this *S*ouldier is ſomething like that Image of a man that *Albertus Magnus* made, that could go, and ſpeak, but what he can do elſe, I know not, Experience knows, ſaving that he can fight, and that's the eſſence of a *S*ouldier, he ſeems to have this motto put on him, *pro aris & focis*, but I think this is a truer motto that he ſhould have (for my ſelf) as the Proverb is, every man for himſelf, and God for us all: He has the crimſon Oath Wounds, as oft in his mouth, as he has bloody Wounds on his body; if his name be *William* he calls himſelf *William* the Conqueror; He loves to be cloathed with Iron *Cap a pe*, and then he is all a mode, he is *Bellona*'s Son, and ſhe often makes Anatomies of them, and then there is a feaſt for *Canibals*, yea, and their fleſh is carved before with the ſword, and there bodies are roaſted in ſulphurious flames, This poor ſouldier is often weather beaten, for when the Cannons roare like devouring *Leviathans* ſwiming in an Ocean of blood, there *Mars* takes *Neptunes* place, and then Deaths gulph ſwallows them up; I wonder that when a ſouldier

a ſouldier goes amongſt the men he has ſlaine, the dead bodies do not bleed at the ſight of the Murderer; I have wondered why ſo many ſouldiers have ſcarlet cloaks, but I have fancied one cauſe, it is becauſe they dye and imbrue their cloaks in blood, or elſe becauſe they have been brave Chirurgions of *Mars*, and have let many blood and killed many, and therefore are made Captains, and bears the badge and ſign of their Office.

A Child.

AS a man is a Map, and Deſcription of the World, ſo a Child is a little Map, and Deſciption of a man; a little world is the great world in Epitomy, a Child is man in Epitomy, he is *Iliads* in a Nutſhell; a Child is a little letter (if not the initial) in the Book of Nature, yet he is mans beſt Coppy and example, his Soul is as yet an *abraſa Tabula*, which is not blur'd, blotted, nor defiled with the black Stigian Ink of ſin, he is white

and pale, whiteneſs is a ſign of inocency, he is a Lamb for meekneſs, a Dove for ſimplicity and innocency, a Pigmy for Parvity, and is, or may be, an example for his purity, this his firſt Age is his Golden Age; his youth, his ſilver Age, his Man-hood his brazen Age, and his old Age, is his Iron Age; a Child is Natures Paragon, a darling, his firſt daies are the prime dayes; theſe are the halcyon days when the Sea of affliction doth not toſs him with the Waves of trouble; he is a young gueſt, come into this Inn of the world, and according to *Luthers* phraſe, the Devil is the Hoſt; and therefore he cryes and exclaimes on the fates, when he comes into thee Wilderneſs of the world, where he muſt combat with beaſts or beaſtly luſts, and now muſt be as a Bear baited in the circle of the World with cruel miſeries, as ſo many Dogs; when he was buried in that vaſt abiſs of nothing, none of theſe troubled him: A Child is the Diminitive of a man, Angels are Pictured like Children, to ſhow when they are Children, they are like Angels, he is a good Coppy of innocency, for I may ſay, ſaving his original ſin, he [illegible] the ſtate of innocency, he is one of

of *Adams* branches, but as yet there grows no bitter fruit on him; A Child shews us what our great sire *Adam* was for innocency, his playing with Rattles, Hobby-horses, Whistles, doth as it were mock and laugh at the folly of mans business, and are the Emblems thereof; his Parents Pens him as their little History, and he is one of the best letters in the Book of Nature; A Child he is a good example and pattern for simplicity and innocence, there are but few that imitates either of these, and when he yeilds to the fates, he changes time for an unchangeable Eternity.

A Critick.

I Have heard there has been a great murmuring amongst the Criticks, because our Maker did not make our Breasts of Christial or Glass, that so through these Glass-Windowes they might see every ones heart, but fools that they are, I think their hearts are the worst of all: Where envy like, *Radamanthe* that tear-

ing fury fits in her Majeſty, her Head been perriwig'd with an Adders taile, and her Creſſes are *Serpents* Tailes in which ſhe hath ſtings ſwell'd with poiſon and venome, that will invenome every one that ſhe has to do with; this Critick has *Cato's* diſcerning Eye, that can diſcry the leaſt knot; This carping *Momus* with his Kene Teeth, like that grinning *Cerberus* bites every one, he is a nipping and ſharp *Menippus*, a ſtinging *Hipponax*; if he be a Philoſopher, he is a Cynick; He vomits up nothing but gall and bitterneſs, ſurely if this man were Anatomized he would be found to have a great gall, or elſe none at all, having ſpit it all out in mens faces; A Critick is a carping *Zoilus* when his curious Eyes goes a fiſhing there will be many *Carps*; A Critick is a *Severus* that is ſo ſevere over all, but himſelf; A Critick with *Auguſtus Cæſar*, will tax all the world, in the ſtrict ballance of his Judgement, there are many ſcruples, yea and he will not allow any grains of allowance: He is a correctour of all mens manners but his owne, and he is the unmannerlyeſt fellow in the world: If he be a Scholler,

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it ſeems he has not learnt good *Ethicks*. He is the cruelleſt ſharp ſatyre in this wilderneſs of this world, who throws his Poiſonous darts of envy againſt all men; A Critick he carries behinde him the wallet of his own faults, and before him the Wallet of others mens offences, as wiſe *Æſop* feigned every man to have two Wallets, the one of his own faults, and that he carries behind him, the other Wallet of others mens faults, and that he carries before him; a Critick doth not put *Errata's* in the latter end of his Book of Remembrance; He views Books, and ſcans Words, Spells Volums and he is the *Caſtigator* of the Orthography, and the Chyrurgion of *Manuſcripts*.

Riches.

Riches are the Wings, yea the golden Wings upon which men ſoare to the Clouds; Riches are the earths treaſure, which nature has hid in the bowels of the earth, and I wiſh it had been buried there yet; Riches are ſnares, golden fetters, which intangle mens mindes, and makes men ſlaves to it, living in *Slavonia*; Riches as Gold and Silver are *Utopia*'s rattles and baubles, they have been the wiſe Phyloſophers contempt and ſcorn; men Idolize their gliſtering, glimmering brightneſſe, when as the wiſe *Utopians* ſay, a man may ſee a thouſand times more luſtre and brightneſſe in the ſun, or ſtar; Riches are Golden baites, and hooks that catch men ſwimming in the Ocean of the World: Riches are counted the *Al-heal*, but they wound all with care, grief and perplexities: Alas, if men ſhould wallow always in *Midas* banquets it would be but lean chear, and they would deſire to have their wiſhes revoked:

ked: Riches are cruel temptations, they are the Devils ſpels, wherewith he enchants poore mortals. Heavens grant that I may never be bewitch'd by them; Riches are not goods as they commonly are called; but they are the greateſt miſchiefes that can come to men, even the Heathen could ſay,

Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum,

Riches is the cauſe of the ſtrifes; Fighting, Brawling, Scolding, Envying and what not? they are *Pluto's* treaſure, for he is ſaid to be lord of the earth's treaſure; Riches are the fire-brands that are caſt into the world, to burn in the flames of envy and making all men poore *Salamanders*, living in the fire of anger, contention, diſcention; riches as ſilver, the out ſide of it glyſters like Serpents ſtings, but it has a poiſonous ſting that invenoms men, and with its poyſon ſwells them with pride; yea, at the end of a mans riches, there is ſuch a ſting, I mean ſuch trouble and vexation of ſpirit, who can bear it?

Fortune,

Fortune.

THe Antients pictured Fortune in the forme of a Woman, sitting upon the Globe of the World, and also men do suppose that Fortune is blinde; this is because men cannot see her actions, but Fortune is not blinde, but rather they cannot see her Labrinthical windings and turnings; simils, are sometimes lik't by some, and therefore by a simile I will declare Fortune: as when a man sends out two of his servants a Journey, and sends them two several wayes; now the master knows at what time these two servants will meet with one another, though they be ignorant; so Fortune is the prime cause, as the Phylosophers call him: He sends all things into the world, and he knows and foresees what chances and things shall come to passe, but men knows nothing untill they do come; So that in respect of the Primary cause, there is no *Fortuna* nor *Casus*, but in respect of men,

men, there is Fortune and Chance. Our Preciſians now adayes laugh at the word fortune; Fortune is Pictured by ſome to be blind, and ſtanding above the Globe of the VVorld, and caſting to ſome Crowns, to ſome Books, to others Mechanick Inſtruments; Fortune is overmuch adored by ſome, ſome take it for providence, but fortune is a Accidental Concurſe of ſecundary cauſes; Some attributes a wheele to Fortune, and men depend upon this wheele of Fortune, as they ſay, and as it turnes, ſo men are ſometimes high, ſometimes low; They ſay, fortune gives Riches, and takes them away again, and therefore in *Pythagoras*'s *Tabula Cebetis*, ſome are curſing fortune, others bleſſe their fortune; fortune is good to ſome, bad to others; *Dame fortune* it ſeems has been a good Huſ-wife that has gotten all theſe things to give away; Fortune has the moſt contrarieties, ſhe is good, and ſhe is bad, liberal and niggardly, and all at the ſame time, but to ſeverall perſons.

A Virgin.

A Virgin in the Zodiack of the world, ſhe is *Virgo*, ſhe is a Chaſt *Diana*, ſhe will let no Heroſtratus burn the Temple of her chaſtity with the Fire of his Luſt; yea, ſhe is in a happy caſe, for ſhe is ſecure; The *Murus Aheneus* the Brazen Wall of her Innocency will keep her from all hurt; I have heard that Fryar *Bacon* did intend to make a Brazen Wall about *England*, but the *Murus Aheneus* of Juſtice and Innocency would better Fortifie it, then his Brazen Wall, or the Walls of *Babylon*: *Virgo* is a good ſign, you may ſee her Conſtellation, or Emblem in Heaven; Our *Terrene Virgo*, will take heed of *Scorpio*, which in the Aſtronomers Anotomy of Man is the Secrets; ſhe has a care leaſt ſhe be ſtung with it, leaſt ſhe be invenom'd, and her belly cauſe to ſwell; She is a ſweet Virgin, ſhe ſeals her Virginity with her Virgins Wax, which the flames of fiery Luſt ſhall never melt; Of all things, ſhe hath

hath a care leaſt ſhe become an Hermophrodite, to have a Male Child within her, or to make an Hermophredite her Husband, and ſhe ſhould conſtitute and make a Hermophite, as all Husbands and VVives are or ſhould be Hermophredites; A Virgin is a Dove for Innocency, ſimpler then ſimplicity; ſhe keeps the Fort of her Chaſtitie againſt all that aſſail it, and ſhe knows if ſhe ſhould looſe it, men would point at her as at a Map of Miſery; All uncivil words paints her face red, and beautifies it with crymſon bluſhes; A Virgin is the pureſt, cleareſt, and moſt tranſparent piece that ever Nature drew, ſhe is the Metaphiſicks of her ſex; other women that have loſt their pearle of Chaſtity, are but like the Almanacks miſhappen Anatomy (excepting *Scorpio* the ſecrets) in compariſon of her that is like the Celeſtial *Virgo* for Glory and Luſtre, ſhe is a *Phenix* a none ſuch; yea, all the World (if I may ſay ſo) is but Her *Periphraſis.*

Death,

Death.

AND now Death is the end of all things, Death is the laſt line in mans Tragedy, *Mors ultima linea rerum*; Death is the *Finis* in the Book of Nature, it is the *literæ finalis*, and it makes men *literæ quieſcentes*; Death is an Arithmetician, and eſpecially practiſes the rule of Subſtraction, for it abſtracts as faſt from Natures numbers, as Nature can add to it; Death to good men, is the ωμεγα, end of all Miſery, Grief and Calamity; yea, and the αλφα beginning of Joy, but Death to bad men is the ωμεγα of Joy, and the αλφα of Miſery; Death to the good, is rather life then Death, Death it is *quies* to the Godly, its the *mino taure* in the Labrynth of the VVorld, that kills every one that come into it; Death hath its Sythe, becauſe all fleſh is as Graſſe; Death is a Skelleton, and it makes men like it; Death Anatomizes men, and puts them out of the robes of mortality; Death

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is the deſtinies *Atropos*, its knife that cuts the thred of Mans Life; death is mans Executioner, death is by the Phyloſophers ſaid to be a privation of life; it is Heavens Meſſenger that is ſent for men; death is a cruel murderer, who has made a crimſon deluge of the blood of myriads of men; death is the great change, it has its Quiver and its darts, and arrows, men are the marks it aims at, death lets fly its winged darts, and croſſes mans heart, and makes (as it were) a Crucifix, and ſends him to the *Holy Land*, or elſe to *Tartary*, to ſuch a Purgatory or *Lymbo* where *Veſtigia nullæ retrorſum*; death is a Sargeant that Arreſts all men, and caſts them into the Priſon of the Grave, and makes them pay their debt to Nature; death is but a Sleep, ſtrictly taken, but death is ſuch an *Opium*, that wil make a man outſleep the ſeven ſleepers; death when a man is running his full carear, is the full ſtop, there he pauſes; death makes an end of all things, death is the end of all ends, this death is the *Neplus Ultra*, and laſtly, death of all things is the

FINIS.